

to a Native American who contributed much to the expansion of our Nation and the development of what would later become my home State of North Dakota.

After seeing an exhibit at the Library of Congress recently, I became interested in learning more about the Native Americans who are buried in the Congressional Cemetery. Through my research, I came across the name of Scarlet Crow. Scarlet Crow, a member of the Wahpeton Sisseton Sioux Tribe, died in Washington, DC., under mysterious circumstances in 1867, and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery east of Capitol Hill.

I learned from further research that Scarlet Crow's death certificate reported his cause of death to be suicide. But the facts reveal a different, more tragic story.

In February 1867, Scarlet Crow left a family that included eight children to undertake a long journey from the Dakota Territory to Washington, DC. He was a tribal chief who came here to renegotiate a treaty with the U.S. Government. He was, in fact, one of many Native Americans who came to the Nation's capital in those days to negotiate in good faith, only to discover that the United States continued to mistreat Native Americans by forging agreements the Government subsequently failed to honor.

Before his work here was done, tragedy struck. Scarlet Crow was reported missing on February 24th that year. Two weeks later, his body was discovered near the Occoquan Bridge in Northern Virginia several miles outside Washington. At first, his death was reported to be a suicide. But investigators later described evidence that could not support that conclusion.

The mystery of what really happened to Scarlet Crow still remains. We do know that criminal investigators pointed out that the cloth Scarlet Crow would have used to hang himself would not have supported a weight of more than 40 pounds. The branch from which he supposedly hung himself would have broken under the weight of a small child, they said. In addition, his blanket was folded neatly by his body, with no signs of a struggle. Despite this evidence, which might suggest that Scarlet Crow was murdered, there is no record that anyone followed up on the investigation. And today, Scarlet Crow's death certificate still lists suicide as the cause of death.

There are no records to tell us when and how Scarlet Crow's family learned of his death, or what happened to his family afterward. Records do tell us, however, that he was an honorable and trustworthy man who devoted his efforts to a peaceful life with the settlers who came to tame the great Midwest. He is described in one Government letter as an industrious man who worked to promote agriculture among his fellow Native Americans. And at one time, it was reported that his "laborious habits had made him a pros-

perous farmer," a prosperity that was later lost during hostilities in 1862.

In 1916, Congress voted to provide a headstone for Scarlet Crow's grave, at the request of North Dakota Senator Asle J. Gronna. Since that action nearly a century ago, the memory of Scarlet Crow has been relegated to obscurity.

The mysterious circumstances of Mr. Crow's death and the unusual story about his burial in the Congressional Cemetery led me to visit the cemetery recently to locate his tombstone.

The cemetery has fallen into some disrepair over the years and it is in some ways a rather forlorn place. Perhaps as we move forward with our planning for this year, Congress can find the resources to restore dignity to our Congressional Cemetery. In the meantime, I urge my colleagues to find time to visit this cemetery. And while there, I hope you will pause a moment in tribute to this dedicated Native American, Scarlet Crow, whose life came to such a tragic and untimely end in our Nation's capital.●

CONGRATULATIONS TO SENATOR BUNNING

● Mr. SANTORUM. Mr. President, I rise today to congratulate our friend and colleague from the Commonwealth of Kentucky, Senator BUNNING, on the occasion of his number being retired by the Philadelphia Phillies.

On April 6, Senator BUNNING's number, 14, will become only the fifth number to be retired in the franchise's 119-year history. The Senator from Kentucky will join fellow Hall of Famers Robin Roberts, Richie Ashburn, Steve Carlton, and Mike Schmidt. The honor to be bestowed is fitting for the pitcher who led the majors in wins, innings and strikeouts from 1955 to 1971.

This is one of many accolades in a distinguished career in professional athletics and public service. Senator BUNNING was elected to the baseball Hall of Fame after a career in the Major Leagues which spanned seventeen seasons. At the time of his retirement from the big leagues in 1971, he ranked second only to the great Walter Johnson in career strikeouts with 2,855. The Senator is identified as an "intimidating right-handed sidearm" on his Hall of Fame plaque. His brilliant career may have reached its pinnacle on June 21, 1964, Father's Day, when the father who has raised nine children threw a perfect game. With this feat Jim Bunning became the first pitcher in the twentieth century to throw a no-hitter both in the National and American leagues.

I have been fortunate enough to witness many of the distinguished Senator's accomplishments in public service. I first met Jim Bunning in the House of Representatives in the 102nd Congress. My wife Karen also met Mary Bunning, Jim's amazing wife and mother of those nine children. She was Karen's big sister and continues to be a

great friend to both of us. During the 103rd Congress I served with Jim on the Ways and Means Committee. In 1998, the people of Kentucky elected Jim Bunning to the U.S. Senate where I am proud to serve with him once again.

It is with great pleasure that I commend my friend and colleague, Senator BUNNING, for his remarkable career as a Hall of Fame pitcher. I ask my colleagues to join with me in congratulating him on this milestone relative to his performance as a member of the Philadelphia Phillies. Once again quoting from the right-hander's Hall of Fame plaque, he has "maintained dedication and consistency" throughout his career as a Major League pitcher, as a member of the U.S. House of Representatives and the U.S. Senate. His service is an example of excellence for young and old, including his thirty-five grandchildren. I congratulate him and I applaud him for his service.●

TRIBUTE TO WILLIE LOUIS KING

● Mrs. CLINTON. Mr. President, Willie Louis King of Niagara Falls, NY, took seriously his role as citizen-activist and acted on the democratic ideals that many of us only talk about. To honor Mr. King's memory, I ask that Ken Hamilton's eloquent tribute be printed in the RECORD.

The tribute follows:

WILLIE KING WALKED TO THE CIRCLE'S EDGE

I read Willie King's obituary, and it did not say enough. One of the problems with obituaries is that they are hastily written biographies of loved ones that attempt to convey to the world "who" the individual was and "whom" they leave to mourn. For most of us, that is fine, because our lives are about the "whos" (ourselves) and "whoms" closest to us, those who will mourn the end of our existence, as we know it.

More often than we know, many of those same people were about much more than just "who" and "whom," and their lives are not simply measured in the many names that are listed in the "survived by" paragraph of their obituaries. Though their lives were not ideal, nonetheless, they lived their lives based on ideals.

It was hard for the principled Willie King to change his mind about the things he strongly believed in. He was a dyed-in-the-wool Democratic committeeman, and I, a registered Republican and former committeeman who believes, among other things, that while party affiliation is a consideration, the value of the person is more important.

We were members of the same church, but even there, our encounters ended in political talk. Though Willie King and I disagreed upon many issues, he was the one man I knew who believed in one thing more than anything else in the world: It was more than everyone's right to vote; it was their responsibility to do so.

Perhaps it was his rural, southern upbringing and the associated hardships and attitude that were endemic in a then-segregated South, that led him to believe that ideal. He often spoke, and was qualified to do so, of those who had died—of all races—so that we might have that privilege. Yet while the youthful Willie King endured inequity in the South, the elder King believed in, and at every opportunity that he had, practiced equality in the North.